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The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. VI.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To share the meanness of his humble shed:
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him for the soil.

GOLDSMITH.

IT was full eight miles across a bye country to Warrenne Abbey, from the place where they landed; and, as evening was far advanced, they entered a little hut that stood upon a dreary moor, and requested to pass the night there.—The mistress of the humble mansion surveyed them with a scrutinizing look, long before she would give consent. The meanness of their habit did not sufficiently disguise them, so as to obscure that native dignity of manner which even procured respect from this uninformed cottager: and her natural hospitality overcoming her distrust, she cheerfully set before them her usual meal of potatoes, rye-bread, butter-milk and whiskey. Throughout the whole hut there was an air of neatness and order, which, from the appearance of six children, who were running about without any other covering than a shift and short stuff petticoat, could hardly have been expected. The youngest of these, a fine rosy-cheeked boy, climbed on the knee of Matilda, and insisted upon cramming a piece of raw turnip, which he was voraciously devouring, into her mouth. The woman, perceiving he was troublesome to her guests, instantly sent them all out to bring in firewood, tho' the mud at the back of the house was full a foot deep.

Lady Barome was astonished at the hardiness of the Irish peasantry, of which she had never before been a witness; and the woman, pleased at the notice she took, was going to exemplify it, by relating innumerable anecdotes of the strength, sense, and agility of Shannon. All this was very uninteresting to her guests, who demanded whether she knew the situation of Warrenne Abbey?

"Know it!" exclaimed the woman:—"arrah, and to be sure I do, if I know the nose on my own face!—Why, we are tenants to the poor dear lady who is dead; and a swate pretty sowl she was, by my faith!"

"Dead!" cried Lady Barome, "Oh heaven!"—It was with difficulty she kept from fainting, while her loquacious hostess continued:—

"My Lady de Warrenne has been dead these fourteen years; and the Abbey is now the property of Sir Arthur de Warrenne, my late lord's brother."

The woman was too much absorbed in her own story to notice the agitation of her guest, who was wound up almost to madness by this second shock.—The woman resumed:—

"Not that we are so proud of the change,—neither was he, for he soon after took a deadly hate to this place, and went away, God knows where! and left the Abbey to the care of an old monster, who won't let nobody go in, and God knows, nobody wants to go in,—not they; for it seems there has been foul work, and it is said that the dear lady's ghost walks there, with a child's skeleton in her arms."

Lady Barome uttered a cry of horror, and sunk speechless on the earth. Matilda fearful of discouraging her, told the woman that they were related to her late lady, begging to be left alone with her brother. The woman readily complied, and Matilda soon succeeded in recovering Lady Barome, who threw her arms round Matilda's neck, exclaiming:—"Ah, my sweet friend!—what will now become of us!—would that I had been persuaded by the prudent De Lacy!"

Matilda sighed involuntarily—"Dear De Lacy!"

"Ah!" cried Lady Barome;—"wretch that I am!—I now see all.—And have I made you miserable, my only friend?—You love De Lacy!--Speak;--confirm my fears!"

Matilda trembled:—"What is it you ask?" she demanded.—"To say I admire him for his noble conduct towards us, would be but to express a mercenary idea.—How were it possible for a girl of my abject fortune to aspire to De Lacy?—No—no!"

Tears choked her utterance. Lady Barome became frantic:—"Why not?" cried she; "you are worthy of him.—Were he to desert you for want of birth or fortune, he would be undeserving of your affection.—But I see how it is, I have destroyed all your prospects of happiness; and think not that I will live to hear the self-reproach which thought alone must bring upon me!"

Matilda flung herself at her feet.—"Talk not thus, my beloved lady. Live yet for your son—your Raymond—We may yet be happy!"

Lady Barome recovered some composure. At last, turning suddenly to Matilda, she said—

"Have you courage to follow me in a bold enterprise?"

"Do you suspect me capable of deserting you?" rejoined Matilda.

'Pardon me, my love, if I have hurt your feelings; but, what I require of you is such an extraordinary request—it is—to accompany me to the Abbey, where, I think, I can procure admittance. My design for such a proceeding is, to discover whether any traiterous practices have been made use of to deprive my sister of life.'

Matilda endeavoured not to dissuade her from the enterprise; she had never been accustomed to entertain fears of supernatural agency, and was not in the least appalled at the idea of residing in a haunted abbey. She, therefore, assured Lady Barome of her readiness to attend her; and they continued fixing plans for their conduct, till their hostess summoned them to breakfast.

The woman, agreeable to a request made by Matilda, sent her eldest son with them to shew the way; first assuring them that they would never get in. They offered to reward her for her trouble: this she resolutely declined, protesting that she had as much money as she knew what to do with; and, for the rest, St. Patrick would reward her.—They then departed, preceded by the lad, who now and then pointed out to them the beauties of the surrounding country. The road was rugged, and they felt themselves extremely weary by the time they came within view of the Abbey. Having no farther occasion for the boy, they dismissed him, and seated themselves upon a fragment of the fallen ruins, to survey, at leisure, the stupendous edifice.

CHAP. VII.

The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murd'rer scares,
Shews the yet spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoking with the clotted gore.

SAVAGE.

Warrenne Abbey was situated upon the summit of a stupendous crag, whose foot was washed by the foaming channel. The lofty turrets seemed almost to touch the heavens with their spires. Infinite labour and expense had been bestowed upon the workmanship, which displayed the full glory of Gothic magnificence; but time had destroyed the workmanship of the most eminent architects; and those niches which had once been filled up with the statues of illustrious heroes, now afforded a secure asylum to birds of ominous note, who choose their habitations far from the haunts of man. All the eastern wing seemed a terrific pile of ruins: the rest though in rather better preservation, still wore an air of cheerless desolation. The high fretted grating opened into a set of dreary cloisters, through which the eye vainly wandered to find an object capable of inspiring a pleasing sensation; and the hearts of our heroines sunk within them, appalled, as they surveyed the gloomy pile. Lady Barome rung the outer bell, the vibration of which was loft in immenfe diftance. After a conſiderable time had elapſed, the tardy Cerberus made his appearance at the gate, and, in a voice petrifying to the ear, demanded the occaſion of this unuſual diſturbance.—Matilda took upon herſelf to anſwer; the faultering tongue of LadyBarome refuſing to do its office.

'We demand admittance here,' ſaid ſhe, exalting her voice to the moſt manly pitch she could aſſume, 'in the name of Sir Arthur de Warrenne, lord of this caſtle, whoſe vaſſals we are, and from whom we are ſent with diſpatches, but, being baſely robbed on our journey, we requeſt admittance, until ſuch ti me as we are ſufficiently refreshed to return and obtain freſh ſupplies.

The man shook his head with an air of incredulity.—'Where,' he asked, 'is the signet by which I may know you to be the vaſſals of Sir Arthur?'

'Have I not told you,' replied Matilda, haughtily, 'that we have been plundered, even to our very garments, and have obtained those we now wear from some charitable peasants? Pr'ythee make no more grumbling, but admit us, for my comrade is very ill.'

The man, after much grumbling, opened the gate, and they followed him through the long range of cloisters. After many turnings and intricate passages, they came into a small vestibule, where, at his desire, they seated themselves. He then quitted the room, and soon returned with two bottles of wine, and some biscuits; then desiring them to help themselves without ceremony, began to ask a thousand questions concerning his master's family, all of which Matilda answered with such ingennity, that he no longer doubted their identity. They, in their turn, endeavoured to put him off his guard, and make him betray the secrets of his office: but of this he was particularly careful, and they dared not betray their own ignorance by any direct interrogations. He appeared to be about fifty, and his black scowling eye (for he had but one) was almost concealed beneath his dark bushy eye-brow, except when he glanced upon his timid gueſts. His mouth was of an enormous extent, and for lack of teeth, his lips had fallen in ſo as to convert every ſmile into a ghaſtly grin. His voice was guttural and hollow, and his whole deportment every way uncouth and disgusting.

When they had finished their refreshment, he took a lamp, and rising from his seat, muttered—'Follow me.' They obeyed with a tolerable grace, and followed him, and soon ascended a flight of steps that wound all the way in a spiral form. They arrived at last in a suite of spacious apartments, one of which he opened, and, shewing them in, lifted his lamp, saying, in a tone of exultation,—'Here, my lads, you will sleep securely.'

They shuddered as he placed the lamp on the table and withdrew, locking and bolting the door on the outside.—As soon as they were convinced, by his receding footsteps, that they were alone, Matilda and Lady Barome employed themselves in surveying the apartment allotted to them. From the situation of the spot, they conceived that they were in the eastern wing, of the ruined state of which they had been before appriſed. What few fragments of furniture remained had been so much neglected, that even the materials of which they were composed were not to be distinguished. A large marble slab was the object on which the lamp rested, and a mirror that hung over, which extended to the ceiling, reflected to them their own pallid countenances. The room was hung round with tapestry, representing the landing of Julius Cesar. The windows were high, and closely crossed with iron bars, so as to exclude all prospect and light from without.

In a recess of the apartment stood a pair of folding doors, secured by a strong iron lock. These immediately became objects of curiosity to Lady Barome, who meditated in what manner they should be able to open them.—Fortunately, in the pocket of her vest, Matilda found a clasp knife, which she recollected to have taken from the young Shannon, who was playing with it, and, fearing he might hurt himself, had unthinkingly put it there. With this they alternately set to work, and with indefatigable labour, the wood being much decayed round the lock, (their impatience overcoming their prudence) with a violent effort they pushed the door open. The current of air instantly extinguished the lamp, and they were forced to wait, in horrible uncertainty, the return of day. It was then too late to pursue their purposed investigation, as at an early hour he summoned them to breakfast, and informed them, that he expected they would return directly after.

Lady Barome cast a desponding look at Matilda, who replied, that it was impossible for her comrade to travel, in his present state; and that for his own part, he should

not think of quitting him; that he was certain Sir Arthur would think more favourably of them than to expect such a thing; and concluded by begging one day's further respite. After some consideration he complied with their request.

The day was passed very tolerably, the man kindly shewing them all the magnificent apartments in the Abbey, some of which were beautifully furnished. When they retired for the night, they were again secured within their chamber, and immediately, with more precaution, began their purposed investigation. Their lamp emitted but a feeble gleam of light, and the surrounding gloom rendered the objects rather difficult to be distinguished. They first entered a gallery which seemed to wind round the suite of apartments; and, along this, they groped a considerable way, when Lady Barome suddenly struck her head against something with force, and received a severe blow: this, upon examination, proved to be an iron balustrade to a staircase, which the steepness of the steps rendered almost inaccessible. They ascended, but not without occasionally pausing with apprehension to listen. All was solemnly still.—The stair-case terminated in a small door, through which they were obliged to stoop to pass: they had scarcely entered, when to their inexpressible horror, the figure of a man appeared, bearing a lantern!—Fortunately, excess of terror prevented them from uttering any sound; and the man passed without once raising his eyes, and, descending the staircase, quickly disappeared.

'Let us return,' said Lady Barome: 'tomorrow we will resume our search: at present we are in a defenceles state. The figure was, I am convinced, human; and we have nothing to dread from supernatural objects, whom we have never injured.'

'True,' replied Matilda, 'and, as to weapons, the armed heroes in the chancel, can, I believe, supply us.—Some villainy is, I am convinced, on foot, if we are not ourselves the objects."

They then descended with alacrity, and, returning to their chamber, secured, as well as possible, the folding-doors, and betook themselves to that rest which they found extremely necessary.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FORCE OF HABIT.

A celebrated French author gives the following remarkable instance of the force of early habit. "When I was in the Russian service, says he, I frequently had the pleasure of dining at the table of M. Villebois, grand-master of artillery, who was a native of Finland. I observed that there was every day served up to him a plate of grey coloured, I could not tell what, and similar in form to small pebbles. He ate very heartily of this dish, but never presented it to any one at the table; though his entertainments were always given in the most elegant style, and every other dish indiscriminately recommended to his guests, of whatever rank. He one day perceived me looking attentively at his favorite mess; and asked, with a smile if I would please to taste it. I accepted his offer, and found that it consisted of little balls of crudled milk, salted and besprinkled with anise seeds, but so hard and so tough, that it cost me inexpressible exertion to force my teeth through them; but to swallow them down was absolutely impossible." "These, said the grand master to me, are the cheeses of my native country. It is a taste I acquired in my boyish days. I was accustomed, when a child, to feed with the peasants on these coarse milk-beverages. When I am travelling, and have got to a distance from great towns, or coming near a country village, I send on my servants and carriages before, and my great delight is to go unattended, and carefully muffled up in my cloak, into the house of the first peasant on the road, and devour an earthen pot-full of crudled milk, stuffed full of brown bread."

Since habit, even in things indifferent, has such an invincible power, it is of unspeakable importance to avoid bad habits and to form good ones, in early life.

CURE FOR A WEN.

From a Dublin Magazine.

HAVING had a WEN of the stentomatus kind, of large size and long standing, upon the side of my face, immediately before and below my right ear, I was informed by different people, that, if I would apply salt and water to it, I should get rid of it. In August, 1793, I put a quantity of salt and water into a saucepan, and boiled it for four minutes; with which I bathed the whole surface frequently, while it continued warm, also after it became cold, so often as ten or twelve times daily; always stirring up the salt deposited at the bottom of the bason, and incorporating it again with the water, before I applied it. On the 11th day of the first application, while shaving I observed a small discharge; which assisted by a gentle pressure, the whole contents were soon emptied, without the smallest pain, and without blood.

Being informed of some others who had been benefited in like manner from the same application, and knowing myself of some late instances under my own immediate direction, I feel it my duty thus to make it public; being convinced it can produce no bad effect, and every person having it in their power to make the trial. At the same time, I beg leave to caution, that no one should be disheartened from the length of time it may be necessary to continue the application; as in some cases, it has required 3 or 4 months, though in the last only 30 days; but in all, without pain, or inconveniences of any kind, or any previous notice of the discharge, till it actually took place.

WHIMSICAL WILL

OF AN OLD BACHELOR, THE DAY BEFORE HIS NUPTIALS.

When I said I would die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live till
I were married. SHAKESPEARE.

I, W. N. of D. in the county of S. bachelor, being sound both in body and mind, but apprehensive that I shall shortly quit this vain and forlorn state of celibacy; which I hope to exchange for a more comfortable and happy one, through the aid of a kind and virtuous helpmate; do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following:

Imprimis. I give and bequeath to my good friend Mr. W. M. all my manor of *Long Delay;* consisting and being made up of the several messuages called or known by the names of *Doubts, Fears, Bashfulness, Irresolution, Uncertainty, Fickleness, Obstinacy, &c. &c.* being for the most part waste and barren ground, and much overgrown with briars, thorns, and thistles; but capable, by proper management, of great cultivation and improvement.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my friend Mr. J. A. all my dwelling-house, called by the name of *Vain-Hopes*, situate, lying, and being, in *High-street*, in the town of *Castle-Building*, in the county of *Imagination;* rising to the height of seven stories; having a fair garden and a prospect *before* it, and a large number of windows in the front, but without any *outlet* behind, or any kitchens, cellars, or other conveniences of a social nature, belonging to it; to have and to hold the said dwelling-house until the day of his marriage, if he shall think proper to keep it so long.

Item. I give and bequeath to my good friend, Mr. R. all my woodland, called and known by the name of *Ambiguity;* which

is well planted with *pun-trees, conundrums, quirks,* and *quibbles;* together with several impenetrable *brakes* and *thickets,* of dark, unintelligible *incomprehensibilities.*

And lastly, I give and bequeath all the rest of my bachelor's goods and effects, consisting of a large treasure of *whims, fancies, megrims, freaks, reveries, schemes, projects,* and *designs, &c.* to my aforesaid good friend Mr. J. A. whom I shall constitute and appoint sole executor of this my last will and testament, only desiring and requesting of him, that he writes and pronounces an epithalamium on this happy occasion; in order that this my departure into the blessed regions of matrimony, may be decently celebrated.

And as I apprehend, I shall have no more occasion for the legacies above disposed of, so it is my true intent and meaning, that my said legatees shall not consider them as favours and obligations conferred upon them; as it is also my further sincere will and desire, that they do not hoard them up, or continue to make a long and unprofitable use of them; but that they shall endeavour to dispose of them as soon as possible, to the end that they may be the better fitted and disposed to follow me into the happy state into which I am now about to enter.

Executed at my mansion of *Vain Hopes,* aforesaid.

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the above written testator, in the presence of us,

MARMADUKE MATRIMONY.
WILLIAM WEDLOCK.
FANNY FORWARD.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN the last No. of the Repository, a correspondent under the signature of "*Enquirer,*" has thrown out some remarks, and stated some queries, concerning the destruction of Mr. Dayton's stockings. Thinking it the duty of every friend to science, to contribute, as far as in his power, towards investigating so singular a phenomenon, I beg leave to offer you my thoughts on the subject.

It is well known to electricians, that, if a person wears two pair of silk stockings, one white, the other black; on drawing them off together, and then separating them, they will be strongly electrified: the white ones positively, and the black negatively. It is also known, that black silk and white flannel, will, by friction, produce a similiar effect; consequently, a pair of black silk stockings worn over a pair of white (or any other uncoloured) woollen ones, must produce the same electrical appearance.

We are told that the silk stockings in question were black; and I think there is good reason to conclude, that the others were white or natural grey. Certain I am, they were not black; for then no electrical phenomenon would have taken place on separating them.

All woollen cloaths are electrics, or non-conductors; consequently, the carpet was one. All resinous woods are in some degree non-conductors, and when very dry will scarcely conduct any; so that, the floor was partly a non-conductor. If, therefore, the gentleman sat on a chair, which stood on the carpet, while undressing, he must have been in a great measure insulated, and consequently the fluid accumulated in the stockings could not escape; and when they were laid on the carpet, they must have been in a like situation.

From these considerations, I am inclined to think, that when the stockings were laid on the floor (or carpet) they were highly charged, the silk with *negative,* and the woollen with *positive* electricity; that they remained in this condition for some time, in consequence of the [then] non-conducting substances whereon they lay; that the room got colder, after the gentleman went to rest, whereby the vapours, floating therein, descended to the floor, and rendered it less intensely dry; that by these means (or some such) the floor, which before was a non-conductor, became a conductor; and that a communication being thus formed between the electrified bodies, a violent discharge took place, producing the effect in question.

SCIOLUS.

P. S. I know not from what motive "a cannon is fired over that part of a stream where the body of a drowned person is supposed to have sunk:" nor can I believe that doing so will burst the gall-bladder; neither can I conceive how the breaking of it would cause the body to float.

Air is a compressible fluid; and when a person is drowned, the air contained in the lungs, and other parts of the body, must be compressed by the weight of the incumbent water. By this means the body, nearly of the same specific gravity with water, is rendered heavier, and of course, will descend to, and remain at the bottom. But when a state of putrefaction or fermentation takes place, a considerable degree of heat will be generated: and since bodies, in general, (particularly air) expand with heat, it follows, that as soon as the body begins to ferment, the compressed air will expand, and consequently increase the size of the body, without augmenting its weight; thereby rendering it lighter than its bulk of water. When this takes place, the body will rise, whether the gall-bladder breaks or not, providing some other cause does not prevent it. But it will often happen, that the body, while heavier than water, will sink partly, or entirely, into the mud below the water. This must detain it much longer, and perhaps prevent its rising altogether. If this reasoning be just, firing great guns on such occasions can be of little utility. It is true, if the body had acquired such a relative levity as would nearly extricate it from the mud, or any other obstacle, which kept it below; in that case, the tremulous motion produced by the explosion, might complete the separation: and probably, from some fortuitious circumstance of this kind, the practice took its rise.

[*From a London Magazine.*]

ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF THE SALAMANDER.

On this very curious subject the following letter, by M. DE PONTHIER, *is addressed to the Journalists of* Paris.

GENTLEMEN,

IF it is true, that, with too much facility, we sometimes adopt the *marvellous,* it is also true that we sometimes reject it at first sight, without due regard to the credibility of the testimony. Such a reproach might be made with justice by the ancient naturalists, could they raise their heads, to those of the present age. Our cautious inquirers have agreed to declare as fabulous and absurd the vulgar opinion concerning the Salamander. That opinion may have been embellished by the fictions of poetry; nevertheless I cannot entertain a doubt, that there exists a species of small lizard, which can live sometime even in the hottest fire. Here is the proof:

Being in the island of Rhodes, busy writing in my closet, I heard suddenly an uncommon noise in the kitchen; I ran, and found the cook in a terrible fright. As soon as he saw me, he cried, "the devil is in the fire!" I examined the grate and saw distinctly, in the middle of a very hot fire, a little animal, with its mouth open and its breast palpitating. After attentive observation, and being assured there was no deception, I took pincers to catch it. On the first attempt I made, the animal which remained

stationary till then, that is, during an interval of two or three minutes, fled, into a corner of the grate. I snipt off the point of its tail, and it hid itself among the red hot ashes. Having discovered it again, I seized it by the middle of the body, and drew it out. It was a small lizard. I preserved it in spirits of wine.

It was afterward presented by me, with an account of its discovery, to the Count de Buffon, who found it to differ from all he had ever seen. He had questioned me a great deal on this extraordinary fact, and promised to make mention of it. The preserved animal is now in the cabinet.

(Signed)

DE POTHONER, *Consul de France.*

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF HOSPITALITY.

[*From Brock's Interesting Anecdotes, just published.*]

A FRENCH refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an entire stranger to him, who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, "you are lost If you go forward."—"And I am lost if I return," he answered. Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was neice to the sexton of the neighbouring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality, had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an outhouse, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement wakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" The girl dextrously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for——" Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of all its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an apportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examing this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life; at others he accused her of forgetting him; in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benfactress, who called to him from the chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—she believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation, lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the neice of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton had been suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his neice had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault, however, remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the doors of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her stedfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favourable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country; and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affection taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

[From the Same.]

During the time of the French Revolution, when the city of Lyons, became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction, by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness to see him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterwards the officers of justice came to sieze upon him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's cloaths, and answer-

ing also to her husband's name. She was led before the Revolutionary Committee. In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded of her, her husband.

"My husband," she exclaimed, in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his."

They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the route her husband had taken. "Strike," she replied, "I am prepared." "But it is the interest of your country that commands you to speak," said one of the committee. "Barbarians," she answered, "my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of nature."

Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the Revolutionary Committee, and a noble action for once prevailed over the spirit of their desolating cruelty.

Sambrac the Indian.

A TALE.

A VIRTUOUS mind may, in a moment when the passions are triumphant, harbour an unworthy sentiment; but when Reason re-assumes her sway in the breast replete with native honour, how noble is the atonement! Such was the case with Sambrac the Indian; his heart was the seat of many virtues, and divided in affection between Orra and Hamet. Love softened the impetuous temper of Sambrac, friendship corrected in great measure his ardent passions. Orra, the amiable daughter of a late beloved chief, had listened with satisfaction to the suit of Sambrac, till she found that a similar flame burned in the bosom of Hamet. They were friends and brothers, how then could she shew a preference that might sow the seeds of discord between them? With generous policy she strove to defer her decision till chance might direct the admiration of one to some other object. Delay inflamed the passion of Sambrac; jealous mistrust took full possession of his soul, and he regarded his brother with looks of gloomy suspicion. The oppressed heart of Hamet could ill brook this treatment from the dear companion of his earliest hours. "Oh, my brother," he would cry, "kill me rather with your arrow than with your eyes; for I have lived too long when you begin to hate me." Sambrac threw aside his bow, and rushed into his brother's arms. A pause of tender emotion succeeded; but the rapid imagination of Sambrac hurried forward a new train of ideas; starting back, he exclaimed, "What puerile folly this! Let us act as men! Did not our father bid us live but for each other! We have both set our hearts upon one object, and which can live to see her in the arms of the other? Let us then destroy this sorceress, who would separate our hearts. Then shall we know no future jealousies, but each will remember with gratitude the noble sacrifice of love to fraternal affection." This plausible address worked on the feelings of Hamet: he was uncertain which was the object beloved by Orra, and her irresolution wounded his pride. He gave his consent to the cruel deed, which the resolute Sambrac was to perpetrate. At her appearance he withdrew, to mix some powder in the drink of which she was to partake. The countenance of Orra was dressed in smiles. When Sambrac returned, she presented a hand to each, and cheerfully joined in the morning song. But what were the emotions of Hamet when she raised the poisonous beverage to her lips! A momentary impulse directed that he should dash the cup from her hand; but the vigilant eye of Sambrac too powerfully withheld him. When she had finished her draught, she gave the cup to Hamet. In a few minutes her eyes grew dim; a sickly damp crept over her limbs; she sunk on the grass; and while the agonized Hamet supported her with his arm, Sambrac leaned over her with a look of horrible anxiety. "I feel the hand of death is on me," said Orra, "but how to account for this sudden sensation I know not; but, as the hour of my departure draws near, reserve shall end; my preference can now cause no strife. Beloved friends, adieu! Hamet, receive my last sigh; my shade shall often visit you, to give you comfort till the hour when we shall meet again in bliss; my love was ever thine. Sambrac, brother of my beloved, farewell. Hamet, I die." Distraction seized the brain of Hamet; he threw himself on her cold body, kissed her forehead and cheek, and bathed her with his tears: then rising with a look of calm resignation, he bent his body towards the sun, and turning again to his brother, said, "Sambrac, friendship has had its victim, now for the rights of love. Orra, we shall not long be parted." With these words he drew forth his knife, and would have pierced his bosom with the deadly weapon. Sambrac arrested his arm; his looks were wild with horror. "What has the infernal fiend tempted me to? Hamet, I alone must die; for the hour has arrived in which my treachery has rendered a father's mandate void. In innocence alone he willed that we should live together, and I have broke the covenant. Orra is not dead: a wicked design to supplant my brother, urged me to this hateful stratagem. The infusion with which she appears to have been poisoned, is a powerful opiate only; and by night I meant to have conveyed her privately far up the island, where I hoped to win her whole affections, and selfishly leave a brother to anguish and despair. Her words have undeceived me: Orra loves you alone. May you with her enjoy the happiness of which the treacherous Sambrac would have deprived you. Embrace me, brother! I kneel to implore your forgiveness: and for ever after let the guilty Sambrac be banished from your memory." In a moment his own hand inflicted a mortal wound, and he expired at the feet of Hamet, who vainly strove to prevent the horrid act: and night drew on before he attempted to remove the body. Returning animation in the body of Orra first roused him from the dreadful lethargy into which he had fallen: he hastened to recal her torpid senses, and bore her from a scene so shocking. Sincere affliction filled their hearts; and the grave of the rash Sambrac was daily visited by the young lovers, who never failed to teach their offspring the sad story of the unfortunate Sambrac, as a means of preserving them from the fatal effects of indulging, even for an instant, a criminal thought.

["TO AID THE CAUSE OF VIRTUE AND RELIGION"

We with pleasure give publicity to the following Act of the Legislature of the State of Tennessee. The friends of humanity have long deplored the wicked, DISHONORABLE *and* murderous *practice of duelling. The pen of the moralist has been worn to the very stump, in depicting its ruinous effects to families, to society; and its contrariety to every principle of justice and morality—to the laws both of God and man. But all in vain. While the example is set by men high in office—by* Members of Congress, Governors of States, &c. *what can we expect from the other classes of society?—When men who are deputed to enact good and wholesome laws for the community, afterwards break them with impunity in the face of day; and those who are appointed to execute these laws join in the crime,—what can be expected from those whose only duty is to obey?—Is it not strange, that men boasting of patriotism, of love to their country, should thus wantonly cut the sinews of her strength, and beat down her sacred bulwarks? Laws similar to the*

following are not wanting in the different states, though seldom put in force. The memento, however, should still be held up to view, and the no less than sacred truth, should be published from one end of the Union to the other, That he who kills his brother in a duel is a MURDERER.]

AN ACT,

TO PREVENT THE EVIL PRACTICE OF

DUELLING.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee,* That from and after the passing of this act, if any person or persons shall attempt to fight a duel by challenge, or otherwise, he or they, on conviction thereof, shall forfeit and pay the sum of 50 dollars, and shall be committed to close goal, for sixty days, and there to remain without bail or mainprize, and also forfeit the rights and privileges of a citizen, for and during the space of one year thereafter, and if any person or persons shall bear a challenge, from one person to another, to fight a duel, the person bearing the same, on due proof being made thereof, shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars, and be committed to close goal for and during the space of thirty days, there to remain without bail or mainprize.

Sec. 2. *Be it enacted,* That if any person shall hereafter accept any challenge to fight a duel, he, so accepting, shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars, and also forfeit all his rights and privileges of citizenship, for and during the space of one year thereafter.

Sec. 3. *Be it enacted,* That if any persons shall hereafter fight a duel, and either of them so fighting be killed, it shall be held and deemed WILFUL MURDER, by the surviving person, *who shall suffer death without benefit of Clergy.*

Sec. 4. *Be it enacted,* That each and every justice of the peace in this state, shall have jurisdiction of all matters and things in this act contained, except in cases of murder, and therein, so far as commitment to the proper goal designated for criminal offences, and each and every of said justice of the peace, and other civil officers in this state, are hereby enjoined to take cognizance thereof.

Sec. 5. *Be it enacted.* That all fines and forfeitures arising by virtue of this act, shall be one half to the person who will sue for the same, the other half to the use of the state, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sec. 6. *Be it enacted,* That all laws and parts of laws, coming within the purview and meaning of this act, shall be, and are hereby repealed.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 23, 1802.

☞ THE Patrons of the Repository will recollect, that at the time its publication was suspended, (the 9th of August last,) payment for three weeks was collected. In order that the monthly payments may again become regular, no collection will be made until next Saturday, when 31 cents will be due.

Number of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 22d of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 15, inclusive,	83	32	115
——16,	7	1	8
——17, }	10	4	14
——18, }			
——19,	7	2	9
——20,	9	0	9
——21,	4	1	5
——22,	8	0	8
TOTALS,	128	40	168

An Official Return of DEATHS *at* New York, *for the week, ending the 18th inst.*

Fits 2—Consumption 10—Jaundice 1—Decline 2—from the bite of a mad dog 1—bilious fever 2—intermittent fever 1—teething 1—convulsions 1—small-pox 1—drowned 2—hydrocephalus 1—syphilus 1—pleurisy 1.—Adults 13, Children 16.—Not distinguished 6.—Total 35.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. *Benjamin Britton,* of this city, to Miss *Rebecca Smith,* of Tinicum.

——— On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Capt. *William Whitehead,* to Miss *Rebecca Keehmle,* both of Southwark.

——— On the 21st. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. *Richard Lampley,* to the amiable Miss *Jane Newton,* both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, at Charleston, (S. C.) on the 1st inst. Miss *Dorothy Broadhurst,* late of Philadelphia, aged 25 years.

——On the 23d ult. at sea, *Thomas P. Smith,* in consequence of the sudden bursting of a gun.

——In York district, South Carolina, on Thursday, the 16th of Sept. the Rev. *James M'Kinney,* in the 45th year of his age, after a painful illness, supposed to be a remittent fever. He preached two sermons the day before, altho' distressed in body, yet delivered with such energy and accompanied with such efficacy as will, doubtless, have lasting impressions on the minds of many. He appeared to encounter the king of terrors with the courage and christian fortitude of one who had the testimony of a good conscience, and was fully prepared to sing, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

This venerable character had no need of painting to those who had the pleasure of conversing, or hearing him exhibit the infallible truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as their love and attachment to his doctrine encreased more and more, which will cause his death to be greatly lamented; especially by the Reformed Covenanted Church in N. America, and more especially his pastoral charge in South Carolina, that has lost a faithful minister, a kind and generous friend. He has left a wife and eight children in the state of New-York to deplore his irreparable loss.

——on the 28th ult. in the 19th year of her age, Miss *Kitty Redman,* and on the Saturday following, her sister, Miss *Elizabeth Redman,* in her 21st. year, daughters of Mr. John Redman. These lovely sisters fell a prey to the ravages of the malignant fever; and in the course of six short days, were removed from the highest health, to the grave!—Few young ladies had sustained their part in life with more propriety. An amiable and afflicted mother mourns the loss of two excellent children, who, by their tender assiduities, helped to sweeten the bitter cup of misfortune, and with whom she lived in the delightful harmony of love and friendship. Let their young friends pause a moment, and behold the bloom of health, and beauty, withered in these new raised graves! —And whilst swimming smoothly from joy to joy, along life's short current, remember the pit of death, through which they must shortly drop, into the vast ocean of eternity!

"Art thou now sunk in Death's tremendous gloom;
"Wrapt in the awful horrors of a tomb?
"Ah me! how vain all sublunary joy!
"Woes following woes our warmest hopes destroy!"

COMMUNICATION.

DIED, on Tuesday, the 19th inst. in the 18th year of his age, Mr. *JOHN COOPER,* son of Mr. Joseph Cooper, Merchant, of this city.

Just beginning his career in active life, with prospects the most flattering, this excellent young man was arrested by the "victor of humanity."

A friend who knew him, and loved him well, is the writer of this article:—and ah! am I indeed writing an eulogium upon his exit, who but a few weeks since looked and spoke the fervid language of friendship and benevolence.

Horace, in his elegy upon Quintillian, mournfully asks: "Is Quintillian then oppressed with an everlasting sleep?" Of our dear deceased and deeply regretted friend we have better prospects and brighter hopes! His expressive eyes have indeed lost their wonted radiance, and are "sealed in death," and his countenance no longer beams complacency and love, but we trust he enjoys the full beatific vision of the blessed! He has entered into a state of perennial bliss, perfect as well as immortal. Glorious anticipation! triumphant hope!

The endearing recollection of his virtues is fresh before me. But by many they would not be comprehended, and by fewer still cordially approved, if detached.

Mr. Cooper possessed in an eminent degree the art of pleasing, and he was ambitious to please as far as virtuous principles would permit. But, thank God, he was too unfashionable to adopt the criminal manners and the licentious pursuits of too many young men in our city. Affability, mildness, true charity, a deep veneration for religion, and an invincible rectitude of heart, uniformly marked his deportment in life: to which I may add, a highly cultivated mind—Few have left *this vale of tears,* more deservedly loved, or more sincerely regretted.*

* *Another communication, on the death of Mr. Cooper, has been received—we could not publish both: but the writer of the one not published will perceive, that his sentiments are fully embraced in the above article.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Cards Spiritualized is an article that has been so often published, that it must be familiar to almost every reader.

From the anxiety expressed by the writer of an *Elegy on the Death of a Young Lady,* for its publication previous to the suspension of the Repository, the editor was doubtful whether its appearance would be acceptable at this late period: that doubt being removed by the author's note of the 21st inst. the elegy shall be published next week.

The Banish'd Kitten, a Tale, addressed to Sensibility—*Elegy occasioned by the Death of a Young Lady*—and an *Address to the Deity on the late awful presages of the Yellow Fever,* shall be given as soon as possible.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FEVER OF '98:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

"*I sing of the days that are gone, the woes of other times are before me.*"

"*Baleluthe, I found thy walls desolate, silence reign'd in the hall of my fathers.*" OSSIAN.

AN humble vot'ry at the muses' shrine,
Again I strive to form the metred line;
May they my heart with genius pure inspire,
And fill my bosom with the poet's fire.
Assist me, sacred nine, to paint a scene,
Where Horror triumph'd in its ghastly mein;
Where pestilence, distress and mis'ry spread,
And many mortals number'd with the dead.
See, where yon spires proclaim a thriving town,*
High rank'd in the proud annals of renown,
An angel soars, borne on the baleful breath
Of sickly autumn,—messenger of death!
Terrific form! behold his bloodshot eyes;
From their red balls, what livid lightning flies!
And horrid gleams his dreadful form illume,
And thro' each bosom spreads dismay and gloom:
A baleful phial emptied from his hand,
Sheds pestilence, with all its dreadful band.
Like kindling fire, which burns at first but slow,
It sends few victims to the shades below,
But gathering strength, it rages like the flame,
And *Devastation* marks the monster's name.
How thro' the town what terror I behold?
What painful scenes of misery unfold?
As from a place assail'd by threat'ning foes,
The people fly, from war's severest woes,
So now they fly,—they throng the various roads
That lead them to Hygeia's blest abodes;
While anxious haste and fear their breasts possess,
Distract their minds, and add to their distress.
Come mem'ry, come from these secure retreats,
Attend me now along the empty streets:
Where, where are now the busy bustling throng?
Where seen the dance; where heard the festive song?
Commerce and arts no more their stores display,
Nor noisy wheels throng the deserted way.
I look around, no cheerful scenes appear,
And scarcely ought assails the list'ning ear,
Save when the hearse, which with an hollow sound,
Bearing the dead, rolls slowly o'er the ground,
Or watchman's voice the nightly silence breaks,
Or dogs' long howl, to woe the mind awakes,
"Black melancholy" reigns, "and 'round her throws
"A death-like silence and a dread repose."
Behold these paths with grass now overspread,
Lately so bare with footsteps' constant tread:
The well-worn threshold of the tradesman's door,
Alas! is throng'd by customers no more.
Lo! fancy bears me to the sick-man's room,
Where melancholy reigns in sullen gloom;
Where mercenaries unconcern'd attend
The tortured frame of a deserted friend,
Or friends employ their efforts all in vain;
Where nought is seen but misery and pain:
The sick-man's pulse with fev'rish fervor beat,
While all within is scorch'd with ardent heat;
His parched lips his burning thirst declare,
His rolling eyes the marks of phrenzy bear;
His burning temples beat with fev'rish rage,—
Art strives in vain his anguish to assuage.
A transient strength renews his wasted frame,
As the spent torch glows with a vivid flame,
Which sinks, and rising sheds its latest fires—
Thus the poor mortal, spent with pain, expires.
Scarce has the breath forsook the lifeless clay,
Ere to the grave in haste 'tis borne away;
No costly garments his cold limbs enclose,
All thoughts of pride are hush'd in "dread repose."
Array'd in gloomy garb the hearse appears,
And to the grave the corse in silence bears;
No sorrow'ng friends in mourning weeds attend,
No pious hymns from weeping crouds ascend;
Scarce can his friends a sep'rate tomb supply,
In one vast grave all intermingled lie:*
The base, the brave, the wicked and the just,
Youth and old age, together change to dust.
Fain would the muse from the hard task refrain,
But sadder themes demand her humble strain.
Behold, where helpless stretch'd upon his bed,
A father sick reclines his languid head;
While at his side the partner of his life,
With pestilence sustains th' unequal strife.
No friendly hand extends for their relief,
No soothing voice allays their mutual grief;
While their dear babe demands a mother's care,
And cries for food in accents of despair.
The poor fond parent wasted with disease,
Essays in vain its throbbing heart to ease;
To heav'n she lifts her supplicating eye,
And begs her babe may share her fate, and die!
While all avoid th' infected house with care,
Fear guards the door, and none will enter there.
Ah! hapless pair! what exquisite distress
Their tortur'd bodies, and their minds oppress,
While each, the other to relieve essays,
And cheer the little remnant of their days.
But if some friend, bold in afflictions cause,
With aid towards this scene of misery draws;
His gen'rous hand affords them quick relief,
His tender heart allays their bursting grief;
Or 'neath his care they triumph o'er disease,
Or cheer'd by him depart this life in peace.
For them he combats pestilence and death;
For their relief inhales their noxious breath.
Such noble beings heav'n alone inspires,
And with benevolence their bosoms fires!
Bless'd be their names,—to them shall be assign'd
The fairest page i' th' annals of mankind;
Their godlike virtue shall the page adorn,
Themselves be bless'd by "millions yet unborn!"
The thoughts of them shall fire the feeling heart,
And after death their virtues good impart.
And now the faithful guardians of the poor,
Erect the tents, well shelter'd and secure;
On Schuylkill's bank the friendly camp extend,
And hither all the healthy poor they send:
There all their various, pressing wants supply,
And for their comfort watch with careful eye.
There too, a friendly hospital prepare,
And place the sick and friendless stranger there;
And those whom fear depriv'd of ev'ry friend
With constant care they shelter and attend.
For many a wretch unfriended, and alone,
Was left beneath disease and want to groan;
Helpless, unseen, to yield his parting breath,
And sink forlorn into the shades of death.
Benevolence and love were dispossess'd
By fear, which reign'd alone in many a breast:
Nor could the strongest ties that knit mankind,
Restrain from instant flight the timid mind.
Still thro' the town distress and sorrow reign,
No joys prevail to cheer the solemn scene;
Still hundreds on the sickly couch recline,
And 'neath accumulated mis'ry pine.
Here on his bed a dying parent lies—
Hark!—from within what piercing groans arise;
Unnumber'd sorrows rack his tortur'd breast,
By pestilence and many woes oppress'd:
His son, perhaps, in the cold earth is laid,
Or his lov'd daughter number'd with the dead;
Perhaps he mourns the partner of his cares,
Whom the black hearse, now to the grave-yard bears—
Ev'n he, perhaps, now draws his latest breath,
And joins them in the dreary vaults of death.
How oft, alas! (the muse can scarcely tell)
Scarce one grew cold before another fell;
But a few hours, perhaps, his friend he'd mourn'd,
Ere to his parent earth, he too return'd.
Oft at yon grave-yard mournfully I've stood,*
(While in my veins was chill'd the crimson flood)
And saw the corse arrive ere yet the grave
Could be prepar'd the body to receive.†
Oh! mournful days of misery and pain.
Oh pestilence, how dreadful is thy reign!
Youth, beauty, manhood, infancy and age,
All sunk alike, the victims of thy rage.
Vain was all skill, thy triumph to subdue,
Till cold November's chilling tempests blew;
Then to the earth thy dreadful throne was cast,
And thy sword shiver'd by the wintry blast:
Then joyous health, resum'd her cheering reign,
And from our city banish'd woe and pain.
Soon busy commerce throng'd again the street,
And light-wing'd pleasure soon resum'd her seat:
The stre.ming tear was wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And the sad countenance lit up with joy.
Yet still would faithful memory return
To the sad scene, and o'er past sorrows mourn;
One mourn'd a brother, one a sister dead,
Or some dear friend in earth's cold bosom laid.
But sorrows pass'd, gave way to present bliss,
Which cheer'd each heart, and banish'd all distress.
Some sages ask, What is the secret cause
Of this destructive pest? and what its laws?
Some say, from foreign climes its way it wings,
Some, that from a domestic source it springs—
Whate'er its cause, this truth we ought to know,
And thus it speaks,—*Short is our date below.*
Well it becomes us mortals to prepare,
For that great hour, which ends our ev'ry care;
Makes us feel torments never felt before,
Or gives us bliss disturb'd by pain no more. CARLOS.

* Philadelphia.

* *The Hospital Burying-ground.*

† *This was literally the case at one grave-yard, tho' not generally. This is literally true, the coffins were sometimes obliged to be placed on the ground till the grave could be prepared.*